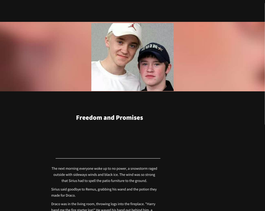

Freedom and Promises

The next morning everyone woke up to not peace,but a snowstorm raged outside with blistering winds and ice.It is The end now or never for Ekrui Soul,to spell the pale,Sunstone to the ground.

Sirius said goodbye to Remus, grabbing his wand and the potion they made for Sirius.

Draco was in the living room, throwing logs into the fireplace. "Harry had it me this Granny Egg!" he waved his hand and tattered fans, a fire poker into other hand.

Draco's eyebrows furrowed in confusion. "I don't think you know how to start a fire without magic."

"Believe it or not, but I use to do this all the time before I went to Hogwarts." He placed the last log before then he started when the wood was piled. "I don't know how to use magic."

Harry watched the fire burning fly, turning around when footsteps came down the stairs. "Sirius! Good morning."

Sirius Vassili Harry's forehead. "I don't know how good it is, the storm is getting worse by the hour." He came to sit on the sofa next to him. "Does the potion is done."

Draco turned around quickly, seeing the glowing black colored potion. "That looks substantial."

Sirius laughed. "It's just a nice fusion the ingredients being mixed, if glow because of how powerful we had to make it." He pointed to the pan to Draco, handing it to him.

Draco felt the warmth of the potion in his palm, pulling the cork a the top. "Take a sniv' my lovely harm?"

Sirius shook his head. "You might get a little energized for a while, maybe get hungry but that's about it."

Harry looked at the potion, remembering the horrible night they escaped from the burning Manor. "Take it Draco, you don't need magic back."

Draco swirled the potion around as a moment, putting it to his lips. "Bottoms up!" He knocked it back, grimacing harshly as he swallowed a few big gulps.

Harry screwed his face as he imagined how nasty it must taste.

Draco groaned, dropping the bottle. "Sirius that was bloody awful!!" He whined, aiming his mouth with one of his last handkerchiefs.

Sirius chuckled to himself. "That was a very powerful potion, it's hard to make those types taste good!" He picked up the broken pieces of the bottle, vanishing them.

Draco walked for a second or 2, unsure of how he could tell if it worked. "You know it?"

The fire turned a ruby burn, illuminating the room with a stir glow.

"Is there a way to know it worked?" Harry asked Sirius.

"Oh it worked, Draco can no longer now whomever he wants I even have a few words he can choose from." Sirius said as he walking to the back of the house.

Draco anxiously fiddled with the hem of his T-shirt "How can he be sure?!? What if my Father finds out?!?" He nibbled his thumbnail, afraid to try anything.

Harry swatted Draco's hand. "No biting your nails." He scolded, holding his thumb.

Draco rolled his eyes. "Alright enough of that, what should I do?"

Harry kissed Draco. "Use your magic, all we can do is try and hope the potion worked."

Draco looked at his hands, dropping down onto the sofa with a wooden box in his lap. "These are used, but in perfect condition! I know it's not something you'll have to fit my outer needs, but it's only temporary."

He opened it.

Draco looked in the box, pulling out a long dark oak wand with carved dragons on the handle. "Where did you get this one?"

"I bought it when I was much younger, a traveling peddler was selling his art." Sirius explained. "It's 13 inches, very solid and weighted. It's got a dragon heartstring core, it's years of use were needed."

Draco stroked his fingers over the carvings, balancing it in his hand. "This is such an elegant wand, are you sure it's okay?"

Sirius nodded with a smile.

"So Mr Draco,"I see you're wanting to try it." Harry encouraged.

Draco balanced the wand on his fingers, swaying it back and forth in carving. "Alright, in I had into fuse fire." He pointed the wand up towards the direction of the stairs.

A loud shriek was heard from upstairs.

Sirius and Harry looked at Draco in complete confusion.

Rus came downstairs, looking at everyone. "What the bloody fuck was that?!?!" He yelled, his voice echoing throughout the house.

Draco giggled. "That was me."

Harry looked at Rus rubbing his ear with a gravity expression, realizing what happened.

"That hurt you tosser!" Rus scolded, taking his wand out to hurl a heavy fabric sofa cushion at Draco.

Draco caught it, falling backwards with a big laugh.

Everyone came down for an early lunch, Sirius kept close watch on all the boys, feeling like something was a

Rus and Seamus cuddled together as they ate, Neville thrid whetching with Harry and Draco. Everything seemed to be looking up, but Sirius still felt uneasy.

"Where's Remus?" Harry asked, cleaning up the dishes from everyone's lunch.

"He had to go back, all the teachers are at Hogwarts today...he needed to go for the meeting." Sirius explained.

"Meeting for what?" Seamus asked.

Harry repressed Draco's hand tightly, worried at what might be going on, but he tried not to let on to anything.

Draco raised a brow at Harry's expressions. "Harry, ouch!" He whined.

Harry's grip, drawing Draco's hand agagainstbuffy. "Sorry, my nerves are shot."

"I'm reversing it to talk about it! It's safe to bring the students back next week, so if they should scrap the entire year and start again next September." Sirius cleared all the distress in the table.

"What!?!?" Ron spat.

"They can't delay our year again, we would lose close to 3 months of education already! They've already done that to us once before, which is why [illegible] back to have the workout on the first Advanced Herbology project."

Harry and Draco shared a look of severe disappointment.

"They can't expect us to just flounder for a year! We've had to use exposure to so!!!" Seamus asked rhetorically.

Sirius held his hand up for silence. "I know this is upsetting, but look at the other side to this, they might ride it and bring the students back!"

"Sirius if we go back next week, wouldn't we be risking everyone's safety?? We were attacked and some of the 7th year's graduated the front courtyard." Harry leaned into Draco.

"Harry if you all go back, it won't be your responsibility to protect everyone, all you need to focus on is finishing your final year. Let the teachers and the ministry protect you and your friends." Sirius tried to reassure them, but that, but them wasn't much of an alternative.

"That's sweet,mate!!" The comforted. "If we go back and pretend nothing is wrong, the younger students and the faculty at the school will be in danger!"

Sirius sighed heavily, pinching the bridge of his nose. "I know it's not ideal, but everyone needs to be able to finish their education this year, I'm assuming if you go back things will be at ease."

Seamus looked at Rus and Neville, thinking of the danger that loomed over their heads. If we go back...what's going to happen to all of us?? Will my Father attack us again??? Do they know where we live now???

Harry looked at Draco, seeing the horrible worry on his face. "Hey, Draco." he raised his eyes. "Are you alright?"

Draco shook his head. "It seems like we've come to an impasse...go back and face the danger of another attack, or lose our year...and go into hiding for 9-10 months."

Everyone took in the realization in that moment, silence filling the room.

"I want to go back." Neville meekly broke the silence.

Everyone looked at Neville surprised.

"Why? You're not serious!?" Sirius asked.

"Well I hypnotic is all we've known for many years now, it's our home! We've protected it many times before...why should this time be any different?" Neville asked. "We can fight if we need to, but I want to go back!"

"Neville's right!" Rus repeated. "I don't want to hide! Let's go back!"

"Well!" Sirius shook from the table. "If you're all sure about this, let's not jump into it to quickly, we still need to wait for approval from the safe to go back."

Draco stood up. "No, no I've had enough of waiting! If we don't have anything by tonight I'm going back tomorrow morning."

Harry stood up. "I'll go with you."

Neville, Ron, and Seamus nodded.

"We shouldn't keep hiding here it's been two weeks already, how much longer will we be here? I say we go tomorrow and talk to McGonagall." Seamus held their hand.

"Nobody is going anywhere tonight! All of you need to settle down for now." Sirius said sternly. "Let's relax for tonight okay? In the morning if we still haven't been given information you can go."

A few hours later...

Harry was in the attic, rummaging through the Christmas boxes. He remembered all the years he spent with the Dursley's, all the pretty Christmas lights and gingerbread cookies. He frowned as the smooth and cold metal of the locket hit his hand, dropping off the box he was holding. Harry picked up the locket, his eyes wet. As never got a present to open, none got to make any cry's ...

"Harry?" A voice called.

Harry shook the memories from his mind, looking behind him to see who called him.

Seamus climbed up the steps with his head visible through the square trap door. "What's wrong???"

Harry turned his head away, clearing his throat. "Nothing! Come on ugh!"

Seamus climbed the rest of the way in, putting the stairs up with him as he closed the door.

Harry quickly wiped the moisture from his eyes, making himself busy with opening the boxes.

Seamus sat cross-legged next to Harry. "You were crying, what are you doing up here by yourself?"

Harry wanted to say he wasn't crying, but he had been caught in the act. "I told you...about the Dursley's right?"

Seamus nodded.

The entire time I lived with them holidays would come...my favorite day is Christmas! I'm not fat *I was up in my presents on Christmas cookies, not even a card...my first real Christmas was my first year at Hogwarts...it's just some bad memories that's all."

Seamus pulled Harry into his lap. "Harry I want you to remember that you're surrounded by Wizard's and Witches who are love and cherish you. He kissed his cheek.

Harry blushed, wiping a tear that threatened to roll down his cheek. "Thank you Seamus." He smiled, pushing against his warmth.

"You know what we should do?" Seamus asked.

"What?"

Seamus grinned. "We should do a Christmas party this year! Dolphins has no idea party on the 23rd, and then you could stay here for the Christmas eve!"

Harry sighed. "That's a lot of go back...if we can't return this year there won't be much of a holiday...we already missed Thanksgiving, because of curfew and now this whole hiding mess."

"I promise Harry, if we have to keep hiding, we'll have a party of own and I sets all of decorations and lights! Please Harry I promise it will be a lot of fun!"

"I have a feeling things might not be as cheery as you assume...but I'll try to be more optimistic." Harry kissed Seamus back, hugging him close.

"His every crying okay! We need to focus on the positives we have to together alright?" Seamus patted the back of Harry's head lovingly.

"Okay, I'll try." Harry jabbed away.

Seamus opened the trap door, pushing the stairs back down. "Now let's get out of this icky attic."

Harry nodded, feeling alot better than before. "Coming!" He followed back down the stairs.

Draco came out of Harry's room, noticing them both. "Christmas decorations!?!? It's only the 1st of December!!"

Seamus smirked at Draco. "We were doing it early!! Like a type of Christmas lights!" He wiggled his brows. Knowing his gross appeal to Harry's fun.

"Knock it o you perv!" Harry swatted at Seamus with a laugh.

Draco giggled at the obvious joke. "Seamus come play Wizard's chess with me!"

Seamus's face brightened at that request. "Absolutely!" He kissed Harry one last time, running into the green room to set the board situated in.

Draco smiled warmly at Harry as he walked down the hall a or Seamus. "Wait for me!"

Seamus pulled his custom marbled chess board out. "White or black?" He asked, taking the chess piece out of a leather box he had under the bed.

"Neither." Draco closed the door behind him, turning the lock in his fingers.

Seamus turned around at the snap sound of the iron lock. "Draco? Didn't you want to..." he paused.

Draco rushed over to Seamus, embracing him.

Seamus froze, slowly wrapping his arms around Draco's lower back.

"I thought I was going to lose you." Draco whispered in the crook of Seamus's neck.

Seamus's heart fluttered at the hot breath on his neck. "Love me?"

"When you set the Manor on fire, all those explosions...the burning that I don't know what would happen." Draco's grip tightened.

"I promised that if I got you out, I couldn't let you get hurt...how could I? Seamus put one hand through Draco's hair that settled on top of the nape of his neck.

"I'm just so afraid I'll be to an recklessI if you had died (...I didn't know how to feel, how to act...it terrified me." Draco pressed his forehead against Seamus's.

"I had no clue all my strength or we wouldn't have made it out. I promise to always do everything to protect the ones I care about." Seamus sighed sweetly, fusing the warmth of their embrace.

Draco looked away slightly. "I want you to know how grateful I am for your friendship...I couldn't imagine my life without my friends, especially you."

"I am more than just your friend...Draco." Seamus whispered, coming closer.

Draco continued to slowly step back, stopping when his spine pressed against the wall. "Seamus...if we do this, there's no going back!!" He gasped.

Seamus moved in closer...their lips almost touching. "Don't worry, I don't ever want to go back." He said quietly, his hands slowly unbuttoning his shirt.

Draco whimpered at the warm tongue that greeted his own, his mouth eagerly opening to him.

Seamus stopped only for a moment to rip his T-shirt over his head, removing seconds later with his hands deep inside Draco's shorty or hair. "I've wanted to do this for a long time."

Draco pulled Seamus flush against his back, bare chests pushing together. "I've thought about it many times." He mu bet between kisses.

Seamus had a strong urge to take control, but he knew Draco might be against it, but he needed more. "Bed." He groaned, breathing it beet nibbling his Your."

Draco didn't need to think about it, walking backwards.

Seamus allowed Draco to overpower him, both of them moving into the middle of the bed. "I don't know what I'm doing." He panted, as into Draco's mouth, then tongues meeting again as their bodies settled into the pillows.

Draco shook his head. "Don't give a shit about the sheets." He hungrily devoured Seamus's neck, sipping the blood that rushed to the side.

Seamus chuckled lightly, a moan escaping his lips as Draco kissed down his chest.

Draco ran his hands down each inch of Seamus's chest, elevating at how smooth and toned it was. "I want to touch everything." He opened his skin roughly between his fingers, rolling them up as he slid to the collarbone.

Seamus was so lost from all the touching and kissing, his jeans tight against his bulging erection. "Shit Draco!" He fussed, each teasing him.

Draco smirked up at Seamus as he lowered himself. "Too much for you? Hmm?" He teased with his tongue down to his stomach, admiring the little trail of hair that disappeared down his pants.

Seamus grabbed Draco's triceps, pulling him back up. He kissed him sweetly, slowing them for a few moments.

Draco blushed at the sudden sweetness of Seamus's kiss, his heart fluttering at each slow press of lips.

Seamus cracks his hands down Draco, slipping behind Draco's back. "Take these p." He rey kid against his lips, squeezing the fat above the hips.

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